Cinderella
Author(s): Julia C. R. Dorr
Source: *The Aldine*, Vol. 7, No. 1 (Jan., 1874), pp. 16-18
Published by:
Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/20636686
Accessed: 15/05/2014 07:49

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at
http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

http://www.jstor.org

This content downloaded from 91.229.248.148 on Thu, 15 May 2014 07:49:08 AM
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

WHO taps upon the window pane,
Her shivering fingers wet with rain?
A traveler from the frozen north,
By tyrant tempests driven forth,
She wanders in the storm and night,
But thinly garmented in white.

"The North-wind ordered me to go—"
Thus speaks the Spirit of the Snow,
"To please him I would gladly bring
Whate'er he asks—he is my king,
And yet, so truly am I free,
I wander where I will to be."

"O tell me where you gained your crown
Of icy gems? your ermine gown?
Your cape of lace? your rainbow wings?
Are these an offering of the kings?
They are so fair, I'd gladly know
From whence they came, thou nymph of snow!"

"Each one who owns my name and race,
Like me, is clothed with fairy grace.
Here, take this little hand of mine,
I lay it lovingly in thine.
Come, will you not, and dance with me?
How happy then we both shall be."

As eagerly I turn to go,
Loud laughs the Tempest at the Snow,
He tears her from my fond embrace,
He flings the hailstones in my face,
And nothing now is left to me
Of her who was so fair to see!

— *Wm. Whitman Bailey.*

CINDERELLA.

HER real name was Lucinda. I doubt if Jane Gay had ever read the story of the Little Glass Slipper; but if she had she never would have thought of giving to her one baby such a heathenish, out-of-the-way appellation as Cinderella. The child was named for her grandmother; a good, old-fashioned substantial name that had been in the Gay family for generations. Not that any one called her by it, unless, once in a while, in some sudden stress of anger or offended dignity. Sometimes it was Cinda, but generally Cindy—and this last name the girl liked best of all. She learned to like another still better after a time—but thereby hangs a tale.

You remember the gold-fever, the sudden wild enthusiasm that swept over the whole land like a tornado in 1848, and bore so many adventurous young men to the Pacific coast? Well, Philip Gay was one of the first to go, and one of the first to die. He never came back. His wife led a half-and-half sort of existence that was not life, for a year or two; and then followed him to the unknown land that is at once so much nearer and so much farther than California. Very far, very remote it seemed to the little Cindy.

But she was not left utterly desolate. Aunt Tilly lived in Millthorpe; and after the funeral she took the child home with her. After the cottage and the bit of land were sold, and the debts were paid, it was found that there was a trifle left—enough, if well invested, to clothe the girl and to send her to school for a year or two. So she was not quite penniless.

And there in Millthorpe we find her, on the eve of her eighteenth birthday. It has been a long, hot July day; but now the sun has gone down in a blaze of glory, and a soft purple haze lies low in the valleys. The house, which stands well back from the village street, is thrown open that the grateful cool of the evening may steal in at window and doorway. Mrs. Munro stands in the wide entrance hall, with a troubled face, and an open letter in her hand. Her daughter, Elizabeth, a tall, dark-haired girl of twenty, bends toward the west window, reading by the fast-waning light. Laura, the younger, lies languidly on the sofa, fanning herself.

Cindy has just finished putting away the tea-things. She has polished the last tea-spoon, made the glasses clear and bright, brushed the crumbs off the pantry shelf, and "set sponge" for to-morrow's baking. For her, too, the hour of rest has come, and she has dropped down on the back door-step, for a little coolness and quiet. Not that she is so very tired; for she has perfect health, and is generally the blithest little creature under the sun. Yet, to-night, she looks a trifle worn and weary.

The garden lies behind the house, and its straight path, bordered on each side by sweet, old-fashioned flowers, stretches away before her till it is lost in the little triangular meadow; the beautiful meadow where the lilies grow so abundantly—red and yellow bells, heavy with jets and rubies. And as she looks, from over the way comes the full, rich voice of the minister's daughter, chanting in the twilight,

> "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow! They toil not; they toil not—neither do they spin."

A tender smile steals over Cindy's face, and presently she joins very softly, under her breath, as it were, in the music:

> "And yet I say unto you—I say unto you—that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed—was not arrayed like one of these—like one of these!"

Just then Mrs. Munro came out with the open letter in her hand.

"I don't know what to do, Cindy," she said. "I hate to refuse, and it's such a fuss to have him come!"

"Have who come, Aunt Tilly?"

"Oh, I forgot! You don't know. Why, I have just got a letter from that Miss Alden, who boarded here one summer. She wants me to take her brother for a few months. He's a painter, or something."

Cindy's face sparkled all over. "He's more than that," she said. "Miss Alden told me about him. He's a real artist."

"What's the difference?" asked Aunt Tilly. "I'd be willing to have him come, just to oblige his sister, but it will make so much more work—and—"

"Never mind that, Aunt Tilly," interrupted Cindy. "I don't mind the work, if you think best to have him come."

Brave little Cindy! She never did "mind the work;" and the result was, she had it all to do. Those who are willing to be burden-bearers for others, have no difficulty in finding the burdens. Not one of that family meant to be unjust or ungenerous. But Elizabeth was "literary" in a very small way. She was fond of her books, fond of study. She wrote verses for the county paper, and it was vaguely hinted that she was engaged on something that would some time, etc., etc. Of course her time was quite too precious to be wasted on house-work.

Laura was a fair, placid, indolent beauty. She did not like to wash dishes, for it spoiled her hands. She did not like to sweep, for it made her back ache. She did not like to cook, for it reddened her face. As for Mrs. Munro, she was one of those women to whom, be she old, or be she young, the grasshopper is a burden.

So it happened that, in the system of co-operative housekeeping practiced in this servantless household, the willing hands did whatever was hard or disagreeable, and the others co-operated when they felt like it, or there was something particularly pleasant to be done.

Money was not over plenty in the house; and to take city boarders—just as an accommodation, you know—was considered a respectable way to eke out a moderate income. It was an easy way as well, when there was a Cindy to the fore. Before she went to bed that night Mrs. Munro had written to Miss Alden that rooms should be in readiness for her brother the last of that week.

He came, this Winthrop Alden, a handsome, manly looking fellow, in spite of a recent illness. Well born and well bred, with plenty of blue blood in his veins, which was yet warmed and enriched by the red of our common humanity—an artist, as Cindy had said, but with so much of ancestral wealth that he could afford time to do good work and to do it well—full of all beautiful enthusiasms, with an eye that was quick to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel whatever was best worth seeing, and hearing, and feeling, was it any wonder that he was sweet-tempered and charming, and that he brought into the quiet house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine?

It does not seem strange to me that, in less than a week, there was a fluttering in that dove-cote. Every one of these girls had her own ambitions; even Cindy, who had not found it out yet. Elizabeth was only sensible of a vague longing for "something better than she had known" in Millthorpe—for a higher culture and a loftier living. Laura was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty—the beauty of roundness and coloring, of pink-and-white flesh, blue eyes and golden hair. She was not going to marry a Millthorpe clod-hopper—do her own work, tend her own babies, have two calico gowns a year—and, may be, a new silk once in five—not she! She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins, and laces, and jewels. But she was not such a fool as to say this even in whispers; and to all appearance she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child.

What was Cindy's ambition? It had taken no tangible form as yet. But God had given this girl, who had never seen more than two or three really fine pictures in her life, whose knowledge of the miracles of art was confined to a few engravings and photographs, an instinctive love of form and color, and a burning eagerness to reproduce them. The creative instinct was strong within her. She drew, as the bird sings, from pure love, with no thought of what might come of it. But up-stairs, in her own room, there was one bureau-drawer filled with precious scraps, bits of card-board, drawing-paper, envelopes, and what not, covered with pencilings, outlines—hints of the glowing life of the girl's heart and brain. There were crude attempts at color, too; here a flower, there a spray of grasses; now a child's face, and then a bird with folded wings. There were glimpses of sunset skies, and one stretch of blue sea, with a lone ship fading in the distance.

Every girl has her own sweet secret, and this was Cindy's; something to be done and joyed in; something to think of in the night-watches with strange exultation; something that made the monotonous routine of her daily life endurable; but yet that was not to be talked about or displayed to curious eyes. Had she had a loving mother, she would have shown her every pencil-stroke. Aunt Tilly was kind enough, but there was a difference. As for the girls, they knew just about as much of her inner life as they did of the Egyptian girl—the weird and withered mummy of the last caravan. Cindy was a dear little thing, to be sure. But she was *so* domestic. She had no taste for anything but house-work. Then why should she not do it?

I said there was a fluttering in the dove-cote. The studies that formerly held Elizabeth lost their attraction, and she began to feel an intense interest in all that pertains to art. Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo—these became upon her lips as common household words. She never tired of sitting, metaphorically speaking, at Winthrop Alden's feet and being taught of him. Art was the one thing needful, and her very soul did reverence at the shrine of the genius that could make the fleeting beauty of a day immortal as the stars!

All this was very pleasant to Winthrop Alden. He had not expected to find such appreciation in this little country village, and the homage that looked out of the girl's dark eyes was the subtlest of flattery.

Laura played a different game. She was arch and saucy and coquettish. She praised his work to-day, and made fun of it to-morrow. Then, when she had succeeded in annoying or wounding him, her penitence was most bewitching; and, with tears in her sweet blue eyes, and a quiver of her child-like lips, she would plead her ignorance and inexperience, and beg his pardon with dangerous humility.

One day she came running to him with a pretty affectation of simplicity.

"Oh, Mr. Alden," she said, clasping her hands, "if you would only teach me how to draw! I have wanted to learn all my life. But how could I, away up here where there are no teachers—no anything? Maybe," she went on, naively, dropping her eyelids till the long lashes swept her cheeks, "maybe I could appreciate your work better if I should try my own hand at it, and learn some of its difficulties."

Mr. Alden laughed outright. It seemed supremely ridiculous to him that he—Winthrop Alden—should be asked to give lessons to his landlady's daughter, and the idea of her being able to judge of his difficulties by any she was likely to encounter! But the very simplicity of the request was so amusing, that he said:

"Very well, Miss Laura. It is a bargain, if, in return, you will be my guide to all that is beautiful and picturesque in this wild region."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "I have been longing to show you some lovely views ever since you have been here, but feared you would think me intrusive. Shall we go up to Sunset Rock to-night, Mr. Alden? I'd *love* to go!"

Poor Cindy! For the first time in her life she envied Elizabeth and Laura. This new hero of theirs was no less a hero to her. As for loving him, she would as soon have thought of loving a star, or the sun itself. But this man was the embodiment of all her dreams. He did with easy, careless grace—the ease and grace of a god, it seemed to her—the very things that she longed to do. He lived her

This content downloaded from 91.229.248.148 on Thu, 15 May 2014 07:49:08 AM
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

own ideal life. It *was* hard to be in the kitchen, doing the rough work, while Elizabeth sat in the cool, shaded parlor, leading Winthrop Alden on to talk of his work and its aspirations, of artist-life and its romantic associations—of all, in short, that was dearest to Cindy's soul. It was hard to be shelling peas for dinner, while Laura, in the prettiest of morning dresses, wandered over the hills, or sought out fairy nooks with her—drawing-master.

One day she was washing the dinner dishes, trying vainly to recall the blithe content of former days, and wondering whither it had flown, when Mr. Alden passed through the kitchen. Pausing for a moment in the shadow of the trumpet honeysuckle, with his hand upon the door-post, he looked down the fragrant garden-paths and then back into the room from which the heat of various culinary operations had not yet escaped. Cindy's cheeks were flushed, her hair lay low upon her forehead in little moist brown rings, her hands trembled, and she looked thoroughly uncomfortable.

"It is very warm to-day, Miss Cinderella," he said. Even genius can utter commonplaces.

"Cinderella!" she cried, opening her brown eyes at him, as she nearly dropped a tumbler. "What a funny idea! That's not my name, Mr. Alden."

"It is not? I beg your pardon. But they call you Cinda—Cindy—do they not? I supposed it was for Cinderella."

"It is not. It is for Lucinda—just plain Lucinda, Mr. Alden."

"Lucinda—Cinderella"—he repeated, musingly, while his eye roved around the room, taking quick note of every thing, from the pots and kettles on the hearth to the saucer of pansies on the window-sill, and the young girl's tired face. "A strange blunder of mine. But I really supposed it was Cinderella."

He hesitated a moment, while a sudden light broke over his face, and a smile played about his mouth.

"Cin-de-rel-la"—he said again, lingering on the word. "We are not going to the prince's ball, Miss Cindy, but we *are* going up the hill to the pine woods. Those cool green silences will be delightful such a day as this. Won't you go with us?"

Ah, would they not be! She longed for them unutterably. Winthrop Alden did not see the hot tears that sprang to her eyes, for she turned to the sink and bent over her dish-pan, as she answered, quietly:

"Thank you. But it will not be convenient to-day. Some other time, perhaps."

Why should she tell him that there were clothes to be folded down, and biscuits to be baked, and raspberries to be picked for tea, and divers other things to be done? What could he understand about it? And the worst of it was, these things had never seemed so burdensome, so distasteful before. She had not realized, herself, until this summer, how different a life was hers from that led by her cousins.

The young man touched his hat and walked away. But as soon as he was out of sight, Cindy dropped her dish-towel, and flew up-stairs in a sudden passion of tears. Cinderella, indeed! She saw it all now. Yet there was no cross step-mother; there were no cruel sisters. Her aunt and the girls were simply thoughtless, and, maybe—she did not like to say it—selfish. That was all. But, alas! there was no fairy godmother either!

She wiped her eyes and came down-stairs again. The water was cold and the fire had gone out. So much for quarreling with fate, she thought. It was better to go quietly on and not fall into spasms. But she had made up her mind during that seemingly wasted hour. She would be her own godmother! She would make no disturbance in the household this summer. This Mr. Alden did not belong to her world. He was nothing to her, nor she to him. What was it to her if he did seem to like Elizabeth's conversation, or if he should be entangled in the meshes of Laura's golden hair?

But when the summer was over, she would make the beginning of a new day for herself. She would go out into the world and find some work to do, in doing which she could think her own thoughts and live her own life.

She was happier after this. Gradually her vague plans began to take definite form and shape. She scanned the contents of her bureau-drawer with an eye that daily gained strength and clearness. She studied every pencil-stroke of Mr. Alden's that fell in her way with intense eagerness. Day by day the conviction grew upon her that though she might not paint great pictures for the world to wonder at, she might still do something if she had a chance—something in the doing of which the best of herself might find expression. Perhaps the surest proof that there was something in the girl, was to be found in the fact that the sight of better work than she had ever seen—almost better than she had ever dreamed of—did not dishearten or depress her. On the contrary, it was a stimulant, an inspiration.

But if she could only share the lessons about which Laura made such an ado—and about which, it must be confessed, Cindy felt no little curiosity. Laura kept her portfolio under lock and key. Cindy remembered that when they were in school she could hardly draw a map or the simplest figure in geometry. Was she developing a new talent—one that she had hitherto hidden under a napkin? Had her beautiful cousin found a soul at last? For more than once she heard Mr. Alden praising her work, and telling her how far it surpassed his expectations; while Laura listened with shy, downcast eyes, and the softest, sweetest flush deepened on her white rose cheek.

"I don't know what to make of Lal," said Elizabeth, one day, when she had volunteered to concoct a pudding. "I wonder if she is really turning over a new leaf? I never suspected her of a talent for anything but making the most of her hair and eyes, and dressing wonderfully well considering what she has to do it with. But Mr. Alden says she is doing admirably in her drawing." And the speaker proceeded to beat her eggs vehemently.

"Have you seen anything she has done?" asked Cindy.

"No. And that's what strikes me as being odd. Laura is so unaccountably modest all of a sudden; puts on the shiest airs, and cries 'Oh, no! not for the world! Wait till I have something better to show!' It's something new for Laura."

"But you are in the room sometimes when she takes her lessons?" remarked Cindy, with a question in her voice.

"Oh, Mr. Alden does not teach like a drawing-master. She just sketches whatever she pleases, and he criticises and makes suggestions. She won't draw so much as a straight line in his presence. And he thinks it just lovely of her—I know he does!—She makes him think she is as shrinking and sensitive as a harebell."

Elizabeth had her troubles, too, it seemed.

The next morning Mr. Alden announced that he was going off on a long tramp; should probably be gone all day. Laura took advantage of his absence to closet herself with her dressmaker; Elizabeth locked herself into her room, and gave orders that she was on no account to be disturbed; Aunt Tilly went down street to see a friend and do some errands.

"Now I have a chance to give Mr. Alden's parlor a thorough putting to rights," said Cindy to herself. "It has needed it this long time." And, tying a handkerchief over her head, she forthwith went to work.

The room was studio as well as parlor, and, if the truth most be told, it seemed to the girl a very near approach to Paradise. The young artist had not come up there among the mountains for a sojourn of months, without bringing with him whatever he best loved that would admit of transportation. "Rubbish," Mrs. Munro called the medley with which the room was strewn—engravings, casts, studies of his own in every stage of development, charcoal sketches, and all sorts of artistic litter. But these things were more precious in Cindy's eyes than the gold of Ophir; and she handled every scrap of paper, every bit of canvas, every brush and crayon, as if they had been so many diamonds.

She was rubbing chairs and tables with a hearty good will when the door suddenly opened.

Mr. Alden lifted his hat, while a sudden flush crimsoned his forehead. Then he stepped quickly into the room and took the duster from Cindy's hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you do me too much honor. I took care of my own study when in college, and I can again. Let the dust gather inch deep, my lady abbess, before you don that becoming white head-gear another time in behalf of a lazy fellow like me."

"That would be fine house-keeping!" she cried, snatching off the head-kerchief and hiding it in her pocket while she regained possession of the tabooed duster. "What made you come back, Mr. Alden? You were to be gone all day."

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella," he answered solemnly, wheeling a large chair into position; "and to inflict righteous judgment upon you by compelling you to sit still for half an hour while I show you these," said he, unlocking a portfolio of rare engravings.

Cindy's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed. Then she turned toward the door. "But the dinner, Mr. Alden! I—"

"Dinner be—dispensed with," he said. "I want nothing but a bowl of milk. Confess, now! You did not think of dinner till I came!"

She did not reply; and she stood there, with her hand on the door-knob—a pretty picture of irresolution.

"No dinner for me," he went on. "Are you fond of pictures? What shall I show you? Figure pieces—landscapes? What do you like best?"

"I—hardly know—" she faltered. "I have seen so few. Show me your own work, Mr. Alden; something you are doing now. I shall be sure to like that."

He hesitated, glanced at her curiously, half-laughed, and then laid his hand on the cloth thrown over an easel near the window.

"Did you lift this?" he asked. "Did you look at this picture?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, coloring. "How can you ask it, Mr. Alden? Indeed I have looked at nothing that you did not leave in plain sight."

His own face flushed.

"This is no Blue Beard's closet, Miss Cindy. I should not have killed you if you had looked. But, to make amends for my impudent question, I have half a mind to let you see this—even at the risk of your displeasure. Look there!"

It was a quaint old kitchen; dim, shadowy, lighted only by the embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

Cindy took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, while Mr. Alden watched her eagerly. Her eye wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail, until at length, as if saving the best wine for the last, it settled upon the drooping figure in the corner. For a moment she gazed silently; then she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own.

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me!" cried Mr. Alden, as he saw her agitation. "I could not help it! The name—and—everything! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to wound you. But the idea has haunted me for weeks, and I had to work it out. Tell me you are not hurt—not angry, Miss Cindy! See! I will tear the picture in shreds, if you say so!"

"No, no!" she cried, putting out her hand to stop him. "Leave it as it is. I do not care—I do not mind. But, Mr. Alden, I shall find my godmother some time—or I shall make one for myself—" and before he could detain her she had gone.

He was amazed. Did this girl, then, understand herself and her position? Did she take in the full meaning of what he had hinted on the canvas? He had expected a little display of girlish petulance—a little simulated anger at the liberty he had taken. Yet he had thought to see, underlying all this, a pleased consciousness of the compliment paid her.

He put the picture in his closet and locked the door. Then he took his fishing-rod and was seen no more until late in the evening.

The next afternoon brought a heavy mail to Mr. Alden, and after tea he strolled down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a rustic summer-house with a table and a chair or two, to look over the new monthlies. Presently Laura followed him, with her portfolio.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her long curls with a pretty, childlike toss. "Not now, when you've just got news from home, and everything. But I've come, nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. Oh, Mr. Alden!" and she laid her white hand upon his arm, appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he took the little sketch, or design, from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing-paper on the table before him and examined it carefully.

This content downloaded from 91.229.248.148 on Thu, 15 May 2014 07:49:08 AM
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

"This design is remarkable for the work of a beginner, Miss Laura," he said at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What did you mean by this? Put your thought in words."

He was surprised — puzzled. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty; he had enjoyed it, as he enjoyed a lovely picture. But he had soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de Medici. Yet now for more than a month, she had brought to him, day after day, designs and sketches that betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, a pure womanliness beyond his comprehension. The execution was often very faulty — but the power was there undeniably.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your thought. But tell me what it was."

Just then a step sounded on the gravel walk without. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; but before she could reach the one Mr. Alden was examining, a sudden gust of wind caught it, and sweeping it outside the door, dropped it at Cindy's feet.

"That is mine! Do not touch it!" cried Laura. But with a quick start and an exclamation of astonishment, Cindy stooped down and picked it up.

"It is mine," said she, calmly, while her form dilated and her eye kindled with sudden light. "It is mine. Where did you get it, Laura? And what right have you to show my pencilings to Mr. Alden?"

"It is not yours — it is mine," repeated Laura, trembling like a leaf and pallid as a ghost; "I drew it today — this very morning."

Cindy colored painfully. She had spoken involuntarily; but now she shrank, with womanly sensitiveness, from exposing her cousin to Mr. Alden's contempt.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away.

But he stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Cindy?"

She looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.

"Is it yours, Miss Cindy?"

She took the paper from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she showed him certain minute characters.

"Read that," she said. And he read aloud — "Cinderella."

"Would *she* be likely to have written that?" she asked.

Laura had vanished.

What passed for the next hour, Cindy could never have told. It was all a bewildering dream. Every sketch in the portfolio was her own. They had been taken one by one from the bureau drawer. She had missed them; but supposed she carelessly mislaid them herself, and had had no time to make thorough search. In her sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Alden. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragement. He had recognized in her, untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she laid her head on the table and cried for very joy? Or that he should have smoothed back her brown hair and whispered:

"Don't cry, Cinderella. You have surely found your fairy godmother!"

When they went into the house in the deepening twilight, Elizabeth met them at the door.

"Laura has told me all about it," she said in a constrained voice. "If she is my sister, I am compelled to say that it was shameful, dastardly. But, Mr. Alden, it was to gain your good opinion that she did it, and she has gone away that she may not see your face again. I do not think she fully comprehended the baseness of which she was guilty. Be as charitable as you can."

"It shall be a secret between us, never to be spoken of," he returned kindly. "Her exile will not be for long, Miss Elizabeth, for I am going away tomorrow."

She gave him a quick look of thanks. "I have something to say to you, too, Cindy," warmly clasping the hand extended to meet hers, "and I want Mr. Alden to hear it. I am not in the mood for many words, but I have been abominably selfish and unwomanly, Cindy. I see it all now, and from this day forward there is to be a new order of things in this house. That's enough, isn't it?"

What Cindy whispered, as she threw herself into Elizabeth's arms and kissed her burning cheek, there is no need for me to tell.

You all think Cindy married Mr. Alden; and, as I did not set about telling a love story, I may as well say that she did. But it was not at once. His friendship, and that of his sister, to whom he did not fail to tell of the rare and beautiful gift he had found hidden in a Millthorpe kitchen, opened doors for her which she might have found it difficult to open for herself; and the brave, strong little hands that had worked so faithfully and so patiently there, labored no less assiduously when the work given them to do was no longer task-work, but the delight of an eager soul. It was not until she had accomplished much that she longed to accomplish — not until, a girl no longer, the wand of her fairy godmother had transformed her into a lovely, graceful, cultured woman, in every sense his peer — that she became the wife of Winthrop Alden, and moved her easel into his studio.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

WILD FLOWERS.

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

NEW ENGLAND more closely resembles Old England, in the quiet, domestic, and home-like features of its landscape, than any other portion of our common country. For long generations the earth has been tilled by the hand of man; the forests have been cut away to mere clumps of trees cleared of their underbrush; much that was unsightly has been covered up; verdant orchards have been planted; while fields and meadows checker the whole surface of the land with those quiet and lovely tints which Nature spreads out with such a master-hand. We may feast our eyes on the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, or the stupendous Yo-Semite Valley of California; we may study with awe the ever-varying and grand falls of Niagara; we may try to comprehend the vast prairies of Michigan, Illinois, or Kansas; we may even seek a summer's recreation in the Catskill, Adirondack, or White Mountains, but at last the native of New England turns with longing and hungry eyes to those quiet and pastoral landscapes with which he has been familiar from his childhood, and which afford a sense of repose, security, happiness, and domestic comfort, to be found nowhere else. Connecticut contains as many of these scenes as any State in the Union, and when Mr. Van Elten chose the vicinity of Fairfield, in that State, for the subject of his illustration, he but took a representative village, such as may be found almost anywhere on the long-settled Atlantic sea-board. The soil in this vicinity is fertile; the fields are well cultivated; the surface is undulating; all the surroundings are harmonious and picturesque.

From the village, one of the church spires of the town being seen in the picture, a fine view of Long Island Sound can be obtained, Black Rock harbor, second to none but that of New London for depth of water, being but a mile and a half away. Fairfield is a county seat, with its court house, jail, churches, schools, etc., and is distant about fifty-four miles from New York City. There is a village green in the centre of the town, and one principal street. The Indians called the place Unquowa; and the British, under Governor Tryon, burned the town in 1779. So the place has its traditions of savage life when the red man roved the surrounding forests, as well as its dramatic history when war brought fire and bloodshed to its inhabitants.

New England, especially the rural districts of Connecticut and Massachusetts, will always possess peculiar attractions for the artist. There is none of that lonesomeness in the country, peculiar to Germany, where there are no fences or hedges, since there are no pastures, and where the agricultural population are collected in villages, leaving square miles of tilled land without horses or cattle. In Republican America every man lives on his own land, which is separated from his neighbor's, and again subdivided in field, pasture, meadow and orchard, by good old homely fences or mossy stone walls. What so dear to the American eye, recalling domestication and childhood at once, as a farm-house, a hill-side, fenced fields, and the sight of feeding herds; — houses which stand a little backward from the village street, with blooming orchards stretching behind them, and scarlet geraniums flaming in their sleepy old windows? There is both poetry and romance in the old patriarchal house with its numerous family of barns, stables, and outhouses. A fragrant smell of grain and spicy hay comes from the barn. The cattle-bells clink and tinkle from the green pastures down by the stream. There are cool shadows beneath the elm-trees in front of the house, where the farmer often rests an hour at noon, or the children play through the long hours of summer.

The face of nature in New England is considered by people who dwell in more tropical and luxuriant lands, to be rather sterile and forbidding in its features, thickly scarred with rocks, discouragingly uneven, with a thin soil. These characteristics give the landscape combinations of beauty not be overlooked by the artist, whether he is searching for midwinter studies, rare tints of autumn coloring, when all the trees are bathed in purple, gold and amber, or whether he seeks the clear skies and bright sunlight of summer, or sketches the delicate tints, fleecy clouds, and faint outlines of spring.

This content downloaded from 91.229.248.148 on Thu, 15 May 2014 07:49:08 AM
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions